HEE!HEE!HA!HA! LOTS MORE LAUGHS INSIDE!

Number 1600

Every Friday 20th August 1982

17p.
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(incl. exc.
and V.A.T.)

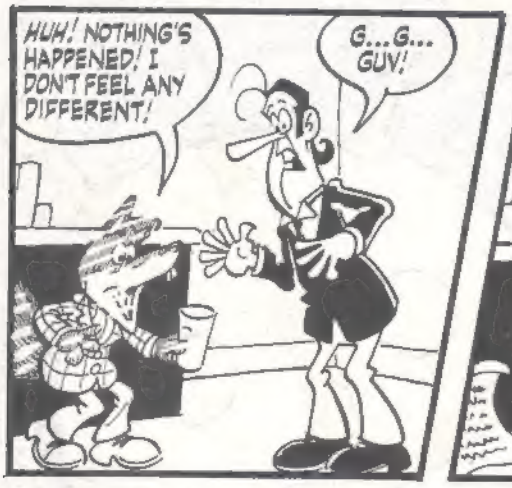
TV COMIC

WATCH OUT, G-FORCE, YOU'RE IN FOR A BIG BLOW!
7
POPEYE
WISHING WELLS IS MAKE BELIEVE, SWEE'PEA!
I STILL WANT A WISH UNCA, POPEYE!
WILL SWEE' PEA'S WISH COME TRUE?

BASIL BRUSH

WHAT IS IT, GUV?
IT'S SOME SORT OF HERBAL MIXTURE I FOUND IN THE CELLAR! I WONDER WHAT IT DOES?

SOON...
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! I'VE MIXED THE HERBS, ADDED WATER, AND... GULP!


HUH! NOTHING'S HAPPENED! I DON'T FEEL ANY DIFFERENT!
G...G... GUV!

WHAT IS IT, CHUMMERS?
Y...YOU'RE INVISIBLE!

MY GOODNESS! YOU'RE RIGHT!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, GUV?
TAKING MY CLOTHES OFF, OF COURSE!

WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?
I'M OFF TO THE VILLAGE TO SETTLE AN OLD SCORE WITH THAT CLOT OF A SECRETARY WHO HAD ME KICKED OUT OF THE SOCIAL CLUB!

GUV! COME BACK! OH, GOSH! THE POTION IS WEARING OFF!

I'M TOO LATE!
HEH-HEH!
KICK!

GRR! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, YOU FURRY FREAK! I'M CALLIN' THE POLICE!
EH? B...BUT YOU CAN'T SEE ME!

CHUMMERS! COME AND EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED!
NO FEAR! I'M GOIN' TO DISAPPEAR A BIT SHARPISH!

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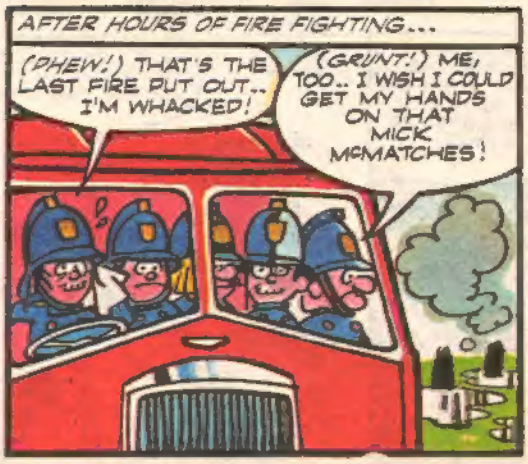
Ken Dodd's DIDDYMEN

BAH! MICK McMATCHES, THE MAD TELEGRAPH-POLE BURNER, 'S GIVING US LOTS OF WORK!
THE WIRES ARE DOWN AND NO CALLS ARE GETTING THROUGH.. STOP LARKING ABOUT AND PUT THOSE FIRES OUT!
THE WORK OF MICK McMATCHES
ALLEYOOP!
TRY A DOUBLE SOMERSAULT, HAMISH!
NEVER SEEN A COLOURED HOSE BEFORE!
WE CAME AWAY FROM THE STATION IN SUCH A HURRY I MISSED MY BREAKFAST!

NOT FAR AWAY, MICK McMATCHES, THE TELEGRAPH-POLE BURNER, IS AT WORK...
SOON EVERY TELEGRAPH POLE IN KNOTTY ASH WILL BE A CHARRED STUMP! YUK! YUK! YUK!


AFTER HOURS OF FIRE FIGHTING...
(PHEW!) THAT'S THE LAST FIRE PUT OUT.. I'M WHACKED!
(GRUNT!) ME, TOO.. I WISH I COULD GET MY HANDS ON THAT MICK McMATCHES!

MINUTES LATER...
LET'S TURN DETECTIVE AND HUNT MICK DOWN.. THIS TRAIL OF USED MATCHES WILL LEAD US TO HIM!
WITH ANY LUCK WE'LL CATCH HIM IN THE ACT OF PREPARING HIS NEXT BLAZE!

YIKE! THE DIDDYMEN FIRE-BRIGADE... I'M OFF!
DING! DING!
WE PREVENTED A A FIRE, LADS... MICK PUT WOOD AND PAPER ROUND THE POLE.. ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS STRIKE THE MATCH LIKE THIS!
THE MATCH BURNS DOWN TO DICKY'S FINGERS...
NIT!
YOUCH! MY FINGERS!
OOH, YOU'LL SET THE POLE ABLAZE!
SECONDS LATER...
BAH! IF IT'S NOT MAD MICK IT'S DAFT DICK... PUT THE FIRE OUT, LADS.
HAR! HAR! HAR! DICKY MINT HAS DONE MY WORK FOR ME!
NEXT DAY, THE DIDDYMEN RESUME THEIR HUNT FOR MICK...
I'LL TAKE A GROSS OF MATCHES... THANK YOU!
HEY! EITHER HE'S A HEAVY SMOKER OR HE'S OUR MAN!
MATCHES
A LITTLE LATER...
I KNEW IT... CAUGHT IN THE ACT!
BEDAD! OI'VE BEEN NABBED!
COME QUIETLY, MCMATCHES, OR WE'LL OPEN FIRE!
THAT AFTERNOON...
IT'S A RELIEF TO SEE MICK BEING PUT WHERE HE BELONGS!
HM PRISON
INDEED.. AT LEAST WE WON'T BE WORKED OFF OUR FEET ANY MORE!
LET'S TELL THE SWITCHBOARD GIRL SHE WON'T HAVE ANY MORE CALLS MESSED UP BY TELEGRAPH POLES BEING BURNED DOWN!
AYE, AND WE CAN PHONE THE PRISON AT THE SAME TIME TO SEE HOW MICK IS GETTING ALONG!
KNOTTY ASH TELEPHONE EXCHANGE
BUT...
FAT LOT OF GOOD YOU ARE... MICK MCMATCHES HAS BURNED DOWN THE PRISON'S TELEGRAPH POLE!
OH, NO!
SWOON!!

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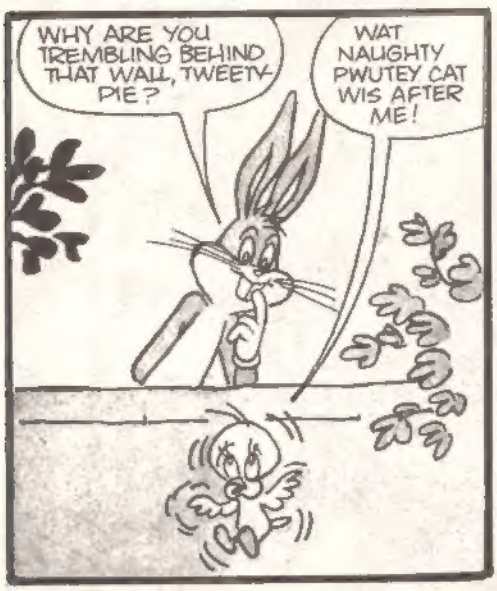
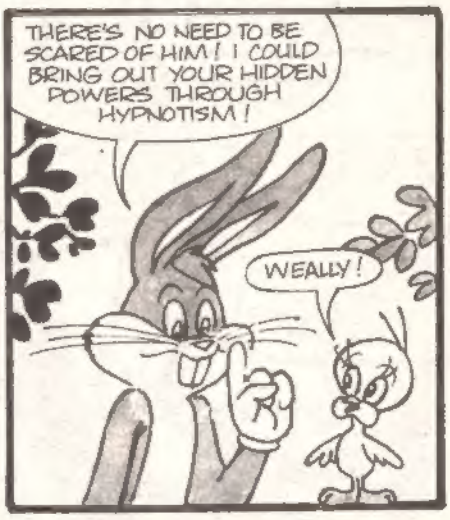
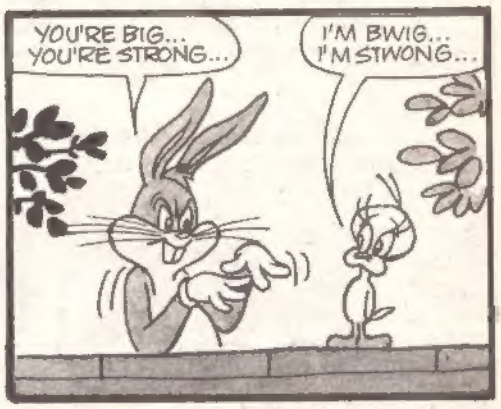
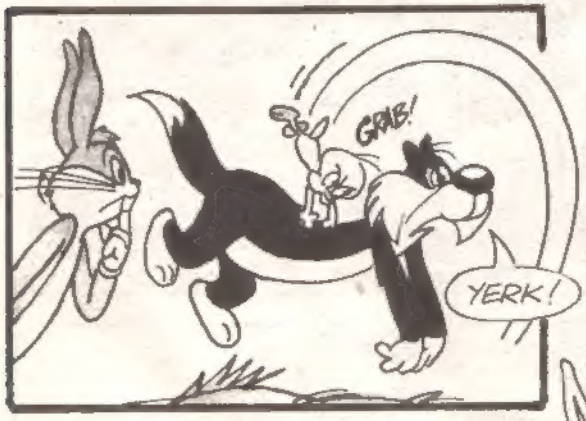
The BUGS BUNNY show









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Mr. Merlin
Created by Larry Rosen and Larry Tucker.
JED STANFORD, THE MAN WHO STOLE THE DEEDS OF LIZZIE MORGAN'S LAND, WAS ABOUT TO BE TAUGHT A LITTLE LESSON BY MR. MERLIN...
AAGH! A SNAKE! GET AWAY!
WHAT'S UP, JED, OLD BUDDY?
I'M GOING CRAZY! A TALKING SNAKE!
BUT I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO BE WHERE THE GOLD WAS?
NO! NO!
DON'T YOU WANT THE GOLD, JED?
THE GOLD'S GONE! JUST LET ME OUTTA HERE! LET ME OUT!
WELL, WELL, MR. STANFORD DIDN'T LIKE GOLD AS MUCH AS HE THOUGHT!

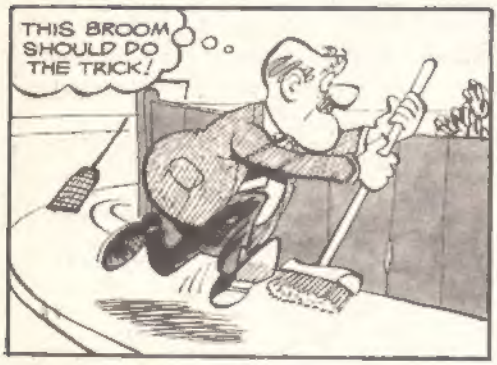
LATER...
YEP, JED, THAT SURE IS GOLD!
JUST FORGET IT. THIS TOWN'S DRIVING ME CRAZY! I'M QUITTING!
THAT'S THE LAST WE'LL SEE OF HIM. THIS TOWN WON'T WANT HIM BACK IN A HURRY!
DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO CHANGE HIS MIND!
AND...
I THINK THIS IS WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!
BACK AT 'MORGAN'S DREAM'...
I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW WHERE I'M GOING TO STAY!
WE'LL HELP YOU FIND SOMEWHERE.
HI, THERE, LIZZIE. HI, BOYS. GOING SOMEWHERE?
NICE TO SEE YOU, MAX, BUT IT'S TOO LATE. I'M LEAVING.
I BELIEVE THESE ARE YOURS, LIZZIE!
MAX, THEY'RE THE DEEDS TO 'MORGAN'S DREAM'!
LATER THAT DAY...
HOW EVER DID YOU GET THE DEEDS?
TOO LONG A STORY, LIZZIE, NOW LET'S HAVE A SLICE OF THAT FAMOUS CHERRY PIE.
GOOD NEWS, I HEAR JED STANFORD LEFT TOWN.
SO EVERYTHING TURNED OUT OK.
THINGS ALWAYS TURN OUT OK WHEN MISTER MERLIN ADDS HIS MAGIC TOUCH.
STARTS NEXT WEEK—A GREAT NEW MR. MERLIN ADVENTURE!

© 1982 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc.

MIGHTY MOTH

HE'S TRYING TO CATCH ME AGAIN!

IF ONLY I HAD A LONGER REACH, I COULD WHACK HIM!

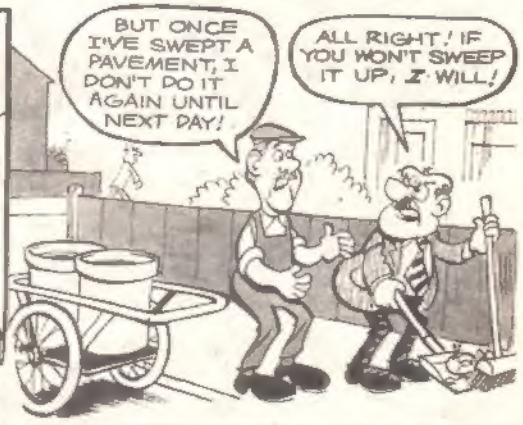

THIS BROOM SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

THUNK!

IT WORKED! HE'S OUT FOR THE COUNT!

I SAY, ROAD-SWEEPER, THIS OBJECT NEEDS SWEEPING UP!

I'VE ALREADY DONE THAT BIT!
WELL, DO IT AGAIN! YOU'RE PAID TO KEEP THE STREETS TIDY!

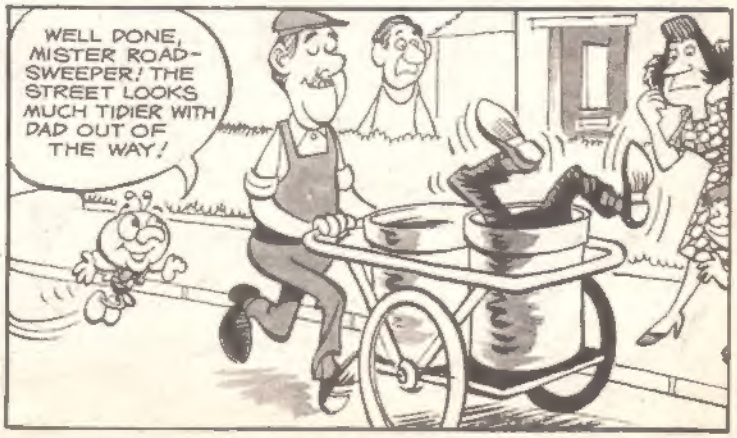

BUT ONCE I'VE SWEPT A PAVEMENT, I DON'T DO IT AGAIN UNTIL NEXT DAY!
ALL RIGHT! IF YOU WON'T SWEEP IT UP, I WILL!

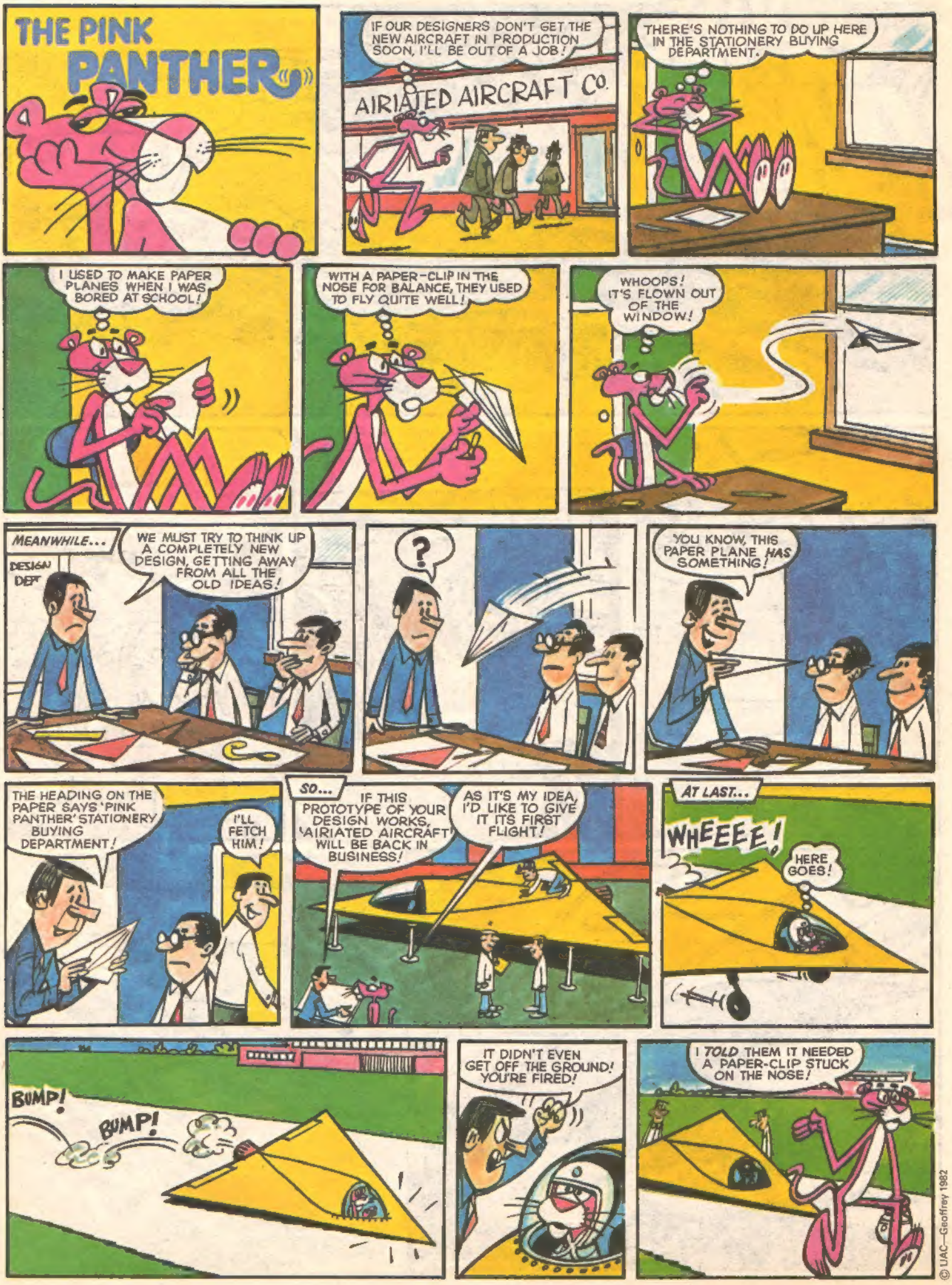
THERE!

O! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO DO MY JOB! IT'S AGAINST THE RULES!
I ONLY SWEPT UP ONE OBJECT!

AFTER ALL, A CHAP LIKE ME IS HARDLY LIKELY TO TAKE UP ROAD SWEEPING!
OH! YOU'RE TOO GOOD FOR MY JOB, ARE YOU?

TAKE THAT FOR INSULTIN' ME AND MY MATES!
DONK!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?


WELL DONE, MISTER ROAD-SWEEPER! THE STREET LOOKS MUCH TIDIER WITH DAD OUT OF THE WAY!


THE PINK PANTHER
IF OUR DESIGNERS DON'T GET THE NEW AIRCRAFT IN PRODUCTION SOON, I'LL BE OUT OF A JOB!
AIRIATED AIRCRAFT Co.
THERE'S NOTHING TO DO UP HERE IN THE STATIONERY BUYING DEPARTMENT.
I USED TO MAKE PAPER PLANES WHEN I WAS BORED AT SCHOOL!
WITH A PAPER-CLIP IN THE NOSE FOR BALANCE, THEY USED TO FLY QUITE WELL!
WHOOPS! IT'S FLOWN OUT OF THE WINDOW!
MEANWHILE...
DESIGN DEPT
WE MUST TRY TO THINK UP A COMPLETELY NEW DESIGN, GETTING AWAY FROM ALL THE OLD IDEAS!
?
YOU KNOW, THIS PAPER PLANE HAS SOMETHING!
THE HEADING ON THE PAPER SAYS 'PINK PANTHER' STATIONERY BUYING DEPARTMENT!
I'LL FETCH HIM!
SO...
IF THIS PROTOTYPE OF YOUR DESIGN WORKS, 'AIRIATED AIRCRAFT' WILL BE BACK IN BUSINESS!
AS IT'S MY IDEA, I'D LIKE TO GIVE IT ITS FIRST FLIGHT!
AT LAST...
WHEEEE!
HERE GOES!
BUMP!
BUMP!
IT DIDN'T EVEN GET OFF THE GROUND! YOU'RE FIRED!
I TOLD THEM IT NEEDED A PAPER-CLIP STUCK ON THE NOSE!
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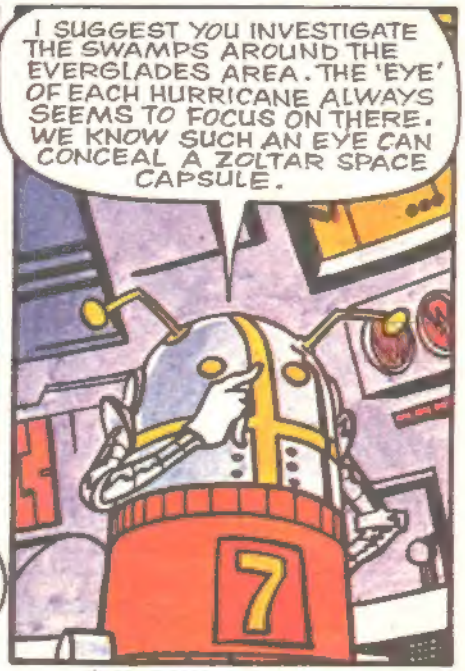
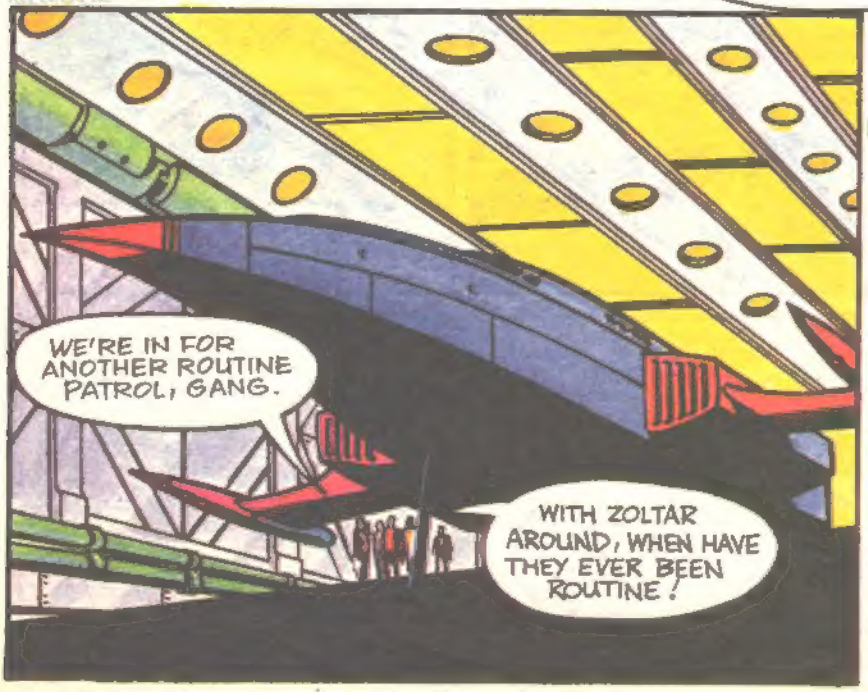
BATTLE OF THE PLANETS

THE SUPER-POWER YOUNGSTERS OF G-FORCE ARE IN CENTRE NEPTUNE, DEEP BENEATH THE PACIFIC, WITH EARTH'S WATCHDOG 7-ZARK-7...
YOU LOOK WORRIED, 7-ZARK-7, OR YOU WOULD DO IF YOU WEREN'T A ROBOT.
I AM! WE'VE HAD TWO MINOR HURRICANES TOO MANY. THE SAME AREA! I SUSPECT EARTH'S ARCH-ENEMY, ZOLTAR!


I SUGGEST YOU INVESTIGATE THE SWAMPS AROUND THE EVERGLADES AREA. THE 'EYE' OF EACH HURRICANE ALWAYS SEEMS TO FOCUS ON THERE. WE KNOW SUCH AN EYE CAN CONCEAL A ZOLTAR SPACE CAPSULE.
7



THIS'LL DO! WE'LL LEAVE THE 'PHOENIX' AND MINGLE A LITTLE WITH THE LOCALS.
THEY'RE THE BEST ONES TO ASK ABOUT ANYTHING STRANGE.
AND SO, IN OFF-DUTY COSTUME...
BEST THING IS FOR YOU YOUNG'UNS TO HIRE A COUPLE O' BOATS AND LOOK-SEE FOR YOURSELVES. I'VE HEARD A FEW YARNS ABOUT ALLIGATORS PLAYIN' UP STRANGE.
TINY, YOU AND KEYOP WILL BE SAFER TOGETHER, A MATTER OF WEIGHT! LIKE A WHALE AND A SARDINE.
CHARMING! JUST BECAUSE I'M WELL-BUILT.
I WONDER WHAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THE ALLIGATORS?
BLOWED IF I KNOW! I RECKON IT'S ALL A WILD GOOSE-CHASE!
MEANWHILE, ZOLTAR IS ON THE DYING PLANET SPECTRA...
O, LUMINOUS ONE, MY PREPARATIONS AGAINST EARTH ARE ALMOST COMPLETED. SOON THE DESTRUCTION OF HER DEFENCES WILL FOLLOW.
O, ZOLTAR, I HAVE HEARD IT BEFORE, TOO MANY TIMES.
THIS TIME IT IS DIFFERENT. ONE OF MY LAST CAPSULES IS ABOUT TO BE LAUNCHED UNDER COVER OF A HURRICANE. I CANNOT FAIL!
I'LL TRY TO BELIEVE IT. ONE DAY YOU WILL TRY ME TOO FAR!
MARK, LOOK OUT! ANOTHER 'TWISTER'!
HEADING IN OUR DIRECTION. HANG ON!
THE HURRICANE IS MOVING FAST—CAN G-FORCE MOVE FASTER? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!
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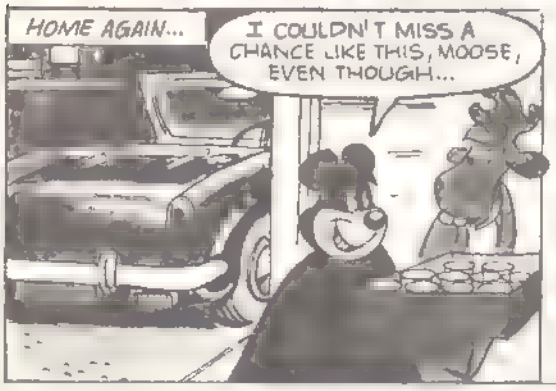
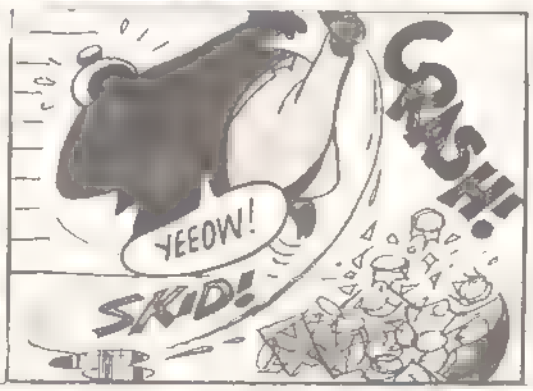
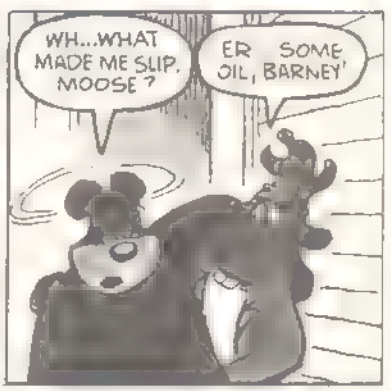
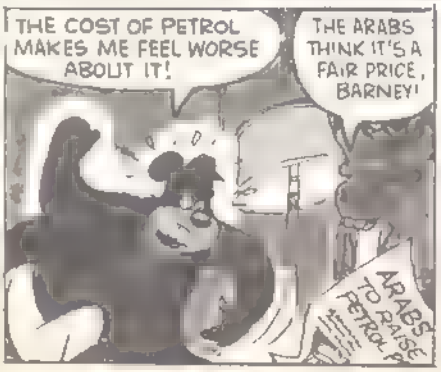
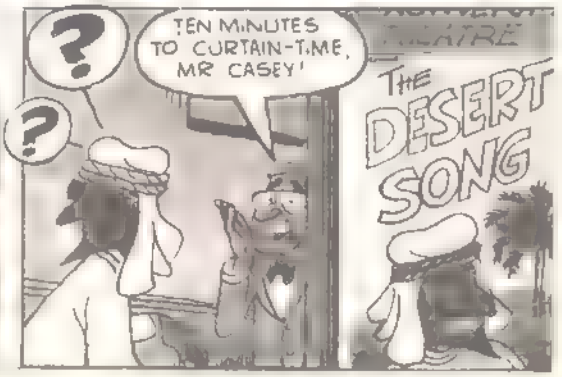
BARNEY BEAR











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TOM and JERRY
OOER! I'D BETTER WARN TOM!
TOM, IT SAYS IN YOUR HORO-SCOPE THAT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A BAD DAY!
I DON'T BELIEVE IN HORO SCOPES...
BUT I DO BELIEVE IN SCOPE FOR HORROR!!!
EEK!
SPOINK!
TAKE THAT - YOU PESKY CAT!
UK!
YOU SEE, I TOLD YOU, TOM! NOW FOR ME IT SEEMS THINGS ARE GOING TO PAN OUT WELL!
OH YEAH?
SECONDS LATER....
BASH! BASH!
HEE! HEE! HEE!
HEE! HEE! HEE! POOR OLD TOM BELIEVES IN THE STARS NOW!!
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BUZBY
I MUST GET ON WITH WRITING MY NOVEL!
RING! RING!
TAP! TAP!
HELLO! BUZBY SPEAKING!
BUZBY, THIS IS MUM! COME QUICKLY—THERE'S A MOUSE IN THE HOUSE!
SO...
THERE! THAT'S GOT RID OF IT!
THANKS, SON!
LATER...
WHO IS IT NOW?
RING! RING!
IT'S MUM AGAIN, BUZBY! THERE'S A SPIDER IN THE BATHROOM!
CLEAR OFF!
THANKS, BUZBY!
BUT...
OH, NO! WHAT IS IT THIS TIME?
RING! RING!
BUZBY! THERE'S A BUTTERFLY IN THE BEDROOM!
MEVIN
SO...
HOLD ON A MINUTE, YOU'RE NOT SCARED OF BUTTER-FLIES!
I KNOW!
THEN WHY DID YOU RING ME?
I JUST LIKE TO SEE YOU NOW AND AGAIN! AFTER ALL, I AM YOUR MUM!
SOON...
HARD LUCK—I'M GOING TO FINISH MY NOVEL!
BUZBY! THERE'S A LION IN THE LOUNGE ...AND A PYTHON IN THE PANTRY!
TAP!
TAP!

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LETTERS and LAUGHS

£5 PRIZE FOR THE STAR LETTER PLUS £1 FOR EVERY OTHER ONE PUBLISHED!

Send your letters, photographs and jokes to: Letters and Laughs, TV Comic, P.O. Box 91, London W2 1EP.

★STAR LETTER

Dear Editor,
I have four lots of pets. I have a dog called Judy, a rabbit called Peppy and a crayfish. A crayfish is like a lobster when fully grown. My crayfish is called Creeps, because every time I pick it up, it gives me the creeps. I also have seven tadpoles and their names are Flash, Lightning, Thunder, Raindrop, Whirlwind, Hurricane and Earthquake. The only trouble is, I can't tell which is which.

From John Mevlin, Chesterfield.

LETTERS

Dear Editor,
Here is a poem for you.

MY DOG LUCY

I have a dog,
A Yorkshire Terrier.
And when she's about,
We feel much merrier.

She's all different colours,
Grey, blonde and brown.
She lives in our house,
In Mottingham town.

She loves to chew bones,
The bigger the better.
But if you go near it,
She's sure to "getcha"!

From Eleni Chrislodoulou, London.

Dear Ed,
I read a letter in your comic from a girl who had a lot of pets. I think I can beat her record. We have seventeen cats and kittens, one dog, one hamster, two goldfish and five chickens. We also used to have a horse and a rabbit. We have a big house and a big garden and we definitely need them for all our animals.

From Maria Gamble, Quorn.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

As this seems to be pets' corner this week:

Q. What happened when the dog went to the flea circus?
A. He stole the show!

Drop me a line about any other pet adventures you remember – the Ed.

LAUGHS

Dear Editor,
Q. What do you get when you cross an insect with a rabbit?
A. Bugs Bunny!

Q. What's the best TV programme to watch to keep fit?
A. Gym'll Fix It!

Q. What happens if you make a phone call underwater?
A. You get wringing wet!

Q. What's Metal Mickey's favourite drink?
A. Tin and tonic!

From J. Redpath, York.

Dear Ed,
Q. What do you get if you phone 381496581123498576317
A. A blister on your finger.

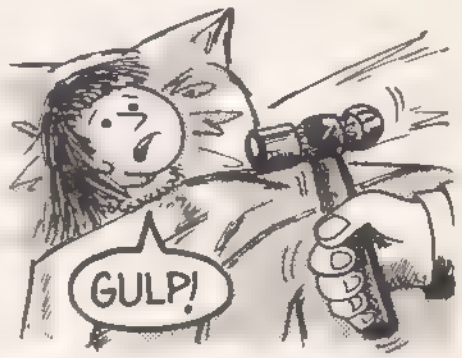
Q. What do you call a gun slinging octopus?
A. Billy the Squid!

Q. What do you get if you cross a pound of sausages with a box of fireworks?
A. Bangers and flash!

From Richard Hedges, St. Helens.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Dear Editor,
My sister was ill a little while ago, so Mum called for the doctor. When the doctor arrived he went up to look at my sister. Suddenly, he came back down and asked us for a hammer and a screw-driver. He then went back and we heard banging noises. Mum got worried and asked if anything was wrong. The doctor explained that he couldn't open his case!



From Julie Wotton, Plymouth.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Ed's joke for the week.

Q. What is the difference between the law and an ice cube?
A. One is justice and the other is just ice!

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Green Cross Man says —

"Roads are dangerous. Always stop near the kerb"

use the Green Cross Code

1

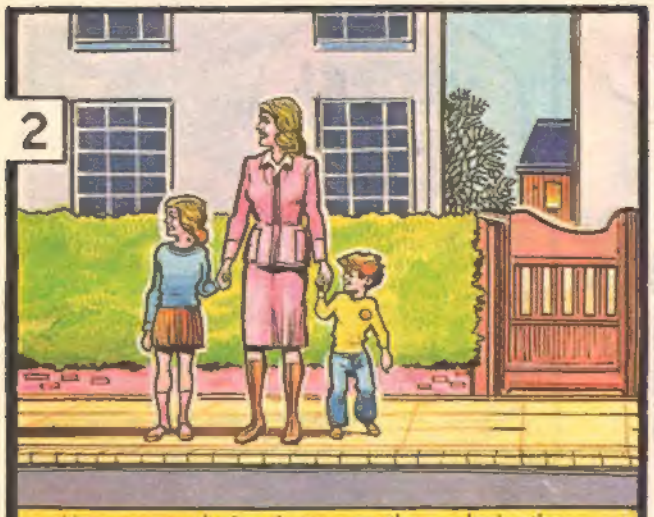
Kate and Timmy are going out with Mummy. They always hold Mummy's hand in the street.

What is traffic?

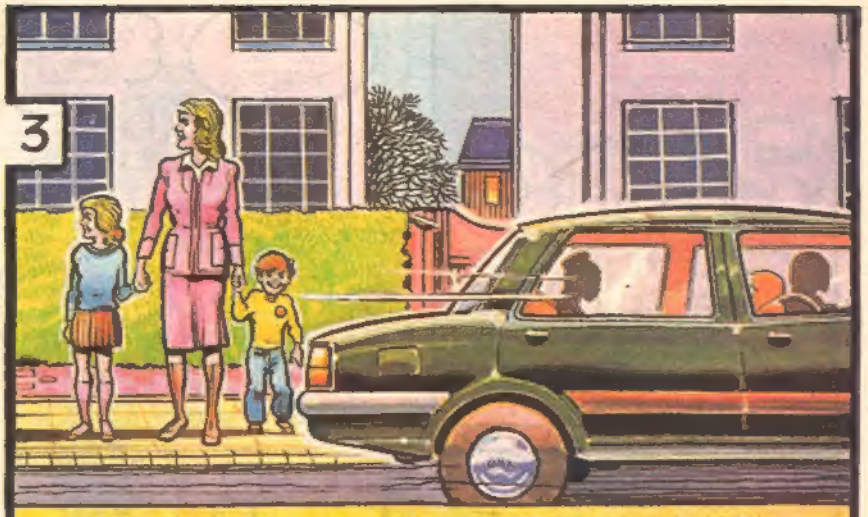
BUTCHER

BANK

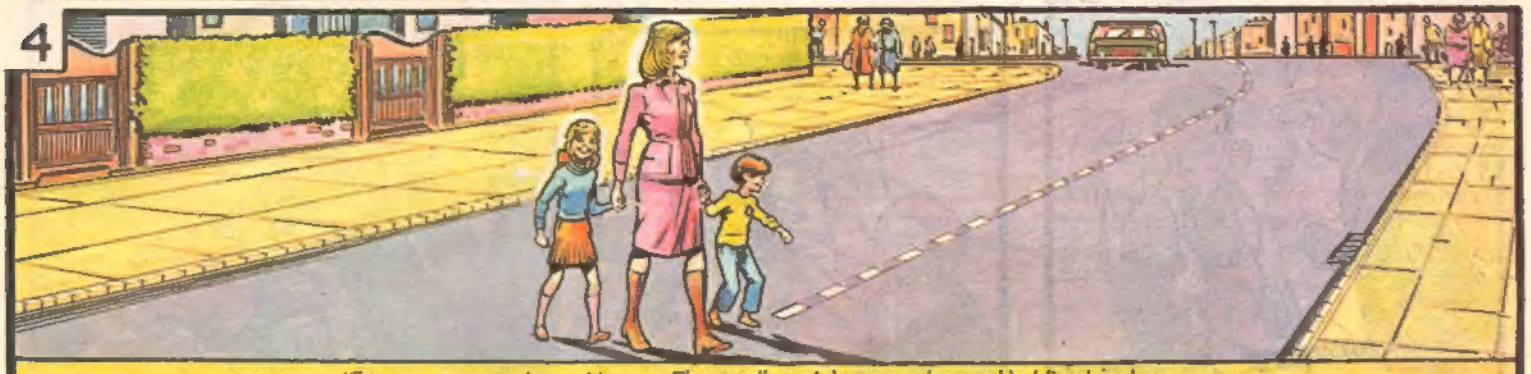
GROCER



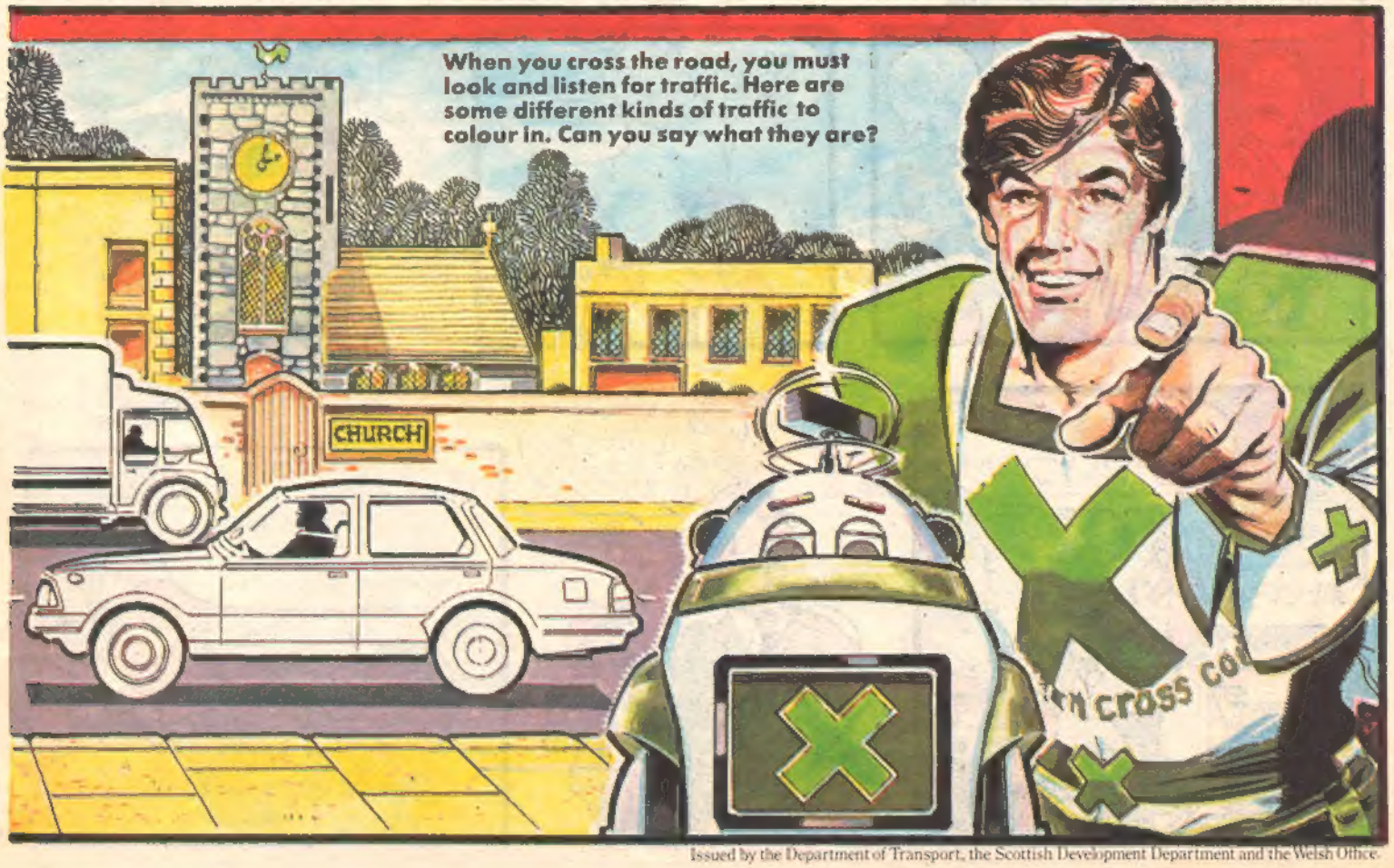
Mummy says she is going to cross the road using the Green Cross Code. Kate and Timmy stop near the kerb with her. They look all round and listen for traffic.



They let traffic pass and look all round again. They do not start to cross until Mummy says they can.



'Come on, you two' says Mummy. They walk straight across the road holding hands, and looking and listening all the time until they get to the other side.


When you cross the road, you must look and listen for traffic. Here are some different kinds of traffic to colour in. Can you say what they are?
CHURCH

Issued by the Department of Transport, the Scottish Development Department and the Welsh Office.

The BISTO KIDS
YATTER-YATTER-YATTER!
COR! SHE CAN'T HALF TALK!
YATTER! YATTER! YATTER!
SHE NEVER STOPS!
450 SVA
EXCUSE ME, YOUNG LADY, WE'RE FILMING A COMMERCIAL FOR 'SCRUMMY' CANDY BARS!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO TELL THE FOLKS WHY YOU LIKE THEM?
GULP!
WELL, SAY SOMETHING!
SHE'S NO USE, CHARLIE!
WHY DIDN'T YOU TALK?
I WAS SHY!
MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WOULD HAVE SEEN YOU!
I KNOW!
YOU COULD HAVE BEEN FAMOUS!
BUT I'VE NEVER EVEN TASTED A 'SCRUMMY' CANDY BAR!
WELL, LET'S BUY ONE AND THEN WE'LL CATCH UP WITH THAT FILM CREW!
SWEET SHO
SOON...
EXCUSE ME, THE LITTLE LADY IS NOW WILLING TO SAY A FEW WORDS!
...WHAT'S MORE, THAT DELICIOUS, SOFT TOFFEE THAT SURROUNDS THE NUTS TASTES DELIGHTFUL WHEN TOPPED WITH THE SCRUMPTIOUS MILK CHOCOLATE THAT...
WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF FILM!
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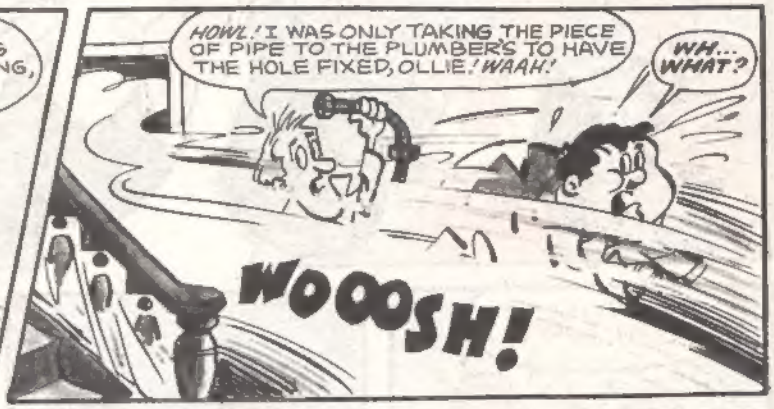
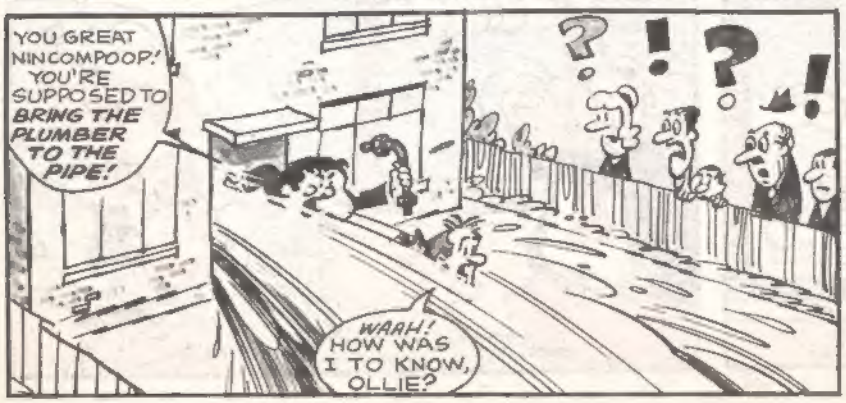
LAUREL and HARDY

ONE OF THE WATER PIPES IN THE KITCHEN HAS SPRUNG A LEAK!
YAAGH! DON'T JUST STAND THERE! SEE THE PLUMBER AND HAVE IT FIXED...MUST I DO EVERYTHING!





GRR! I SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS YEARS AGO! BRING STANLEY TO THE DOC TO HAVE THAT HOLE IN HIS HEAD FIXED!
DOCTOR
OLLIE'S CLEVER...AT LEAST HE LEFT MY HEAD ON MY SHOULDERS! SIGH!

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POPEYE
SPINACH
LOOK, UNCA POPEYE, A WISHING-WELL!
I'M GONNA THROW A COIN IN AND MAKE A WISH!
I WISH I COULD GROW UP TO BE A BIG BUSINESSMAN AND CAPTAIN THE BASEBALL TEAM IN MY SPARE TIME!
ARF-ARF! THAT SORT OF WISH NEVER COMES TRUE, SWEE'PEA!
WOW! LOOK AT THAT BIG CAR!
?
AH! THERE'S THE OLD WISHING-WELL!
A FEW YEARS AGO, I THREW MY LAST PENNY IN THAT WELL AND I WISHED I WAS RICH!
WITHIN DAYS, I BEGAN TO MAKE MY FORTUNE, AND NOW I'M A MILLIONAIRE!
SEE! IT DOES WORK!
HE'S RIGHT! JUST THINK—IF I WERE RICH I COULD EAT HAMBURGERS ALL DAY!
QUICK! LEND ME A COIN, POPEYE!
TOSS!
PLEASE! PLEASE!
WIMPY, YOU'RE SUPPOSE TO WISH NOT BEG! ARF, ARF!

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RECEPTACLE